

[24/06/08][21:41:00] -

Title: Final Thoughts

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How do I poison thee, let
me count the ways. My
moments has come and
gone. And Though the
final curtian draws near,
my preformance has
been...dare I say it...one
to shake the cery world.

All of "Britannia" will
hear of my actions and
shall....some rejoice...come
rue...but none ignore.
And should this modest
notebook find it's way to
CrawWorth...know that
your friend, Hartham,
screamed silently as he
died, calling for your help.